HUMOROUS SIDE of LIFE

CURIOUS CONCEITS OF THE FUNNY MEN SEEN AND DESCRIBED

"I can tell you nothing yet," was the eply. "Wait till I hear the telephone

The genius of Padlock Jones that enabled him to arrive at exact conclusions from appa ently irrelevant circumstances was well shown in the celebrated Walkley kid-

Padlock Jones sat in his office one morning when there was a knock at the door and a tall military-looking man rushed in, grasped the great amateur detective by

"Help me, Mr. Jones. I know you can find my boy if he is still above ground. I am Col. Walkley of the Ninety-eighth Regiment. Find my child and I will give

you all I have in the world." "Don t want it." answered Padlock Jones, emptying his pipe. "You may tell me about the kid, however, and I will see what I can do for you."

Col. Walkley paced the floor for a few moments and then in a tone of suppressed agitation said:

The boy is my only child. My every thought and hope is centred in him. When I came home last Tuesday and was told that he had been kidnapped I fell senseless in my chair. His mother, his grandmother and his six aunts who live with us were also prostrated. So you can understand what his loss means to us."

"Now let's have the facts," said Padlock

"Very well," replied the Colonel. "Last Tuesday morning about 10 o'clock my boy and his nurse were on the stoop and about to start for the park when the girl was called back by my wife. Georgy was left on the stoop alone for less than five minutes, but when the nurse returned he was not in sight.

"The police were notified and the detectives found a boy who said he had seen a tall, dark man speak to Georgy while the nurse was absent, give him some candy and walk off with him. That is all they have discovered yet and is probably all ey will ever discover."
"How old is your boy?" asked Padlock

Just 4 years old," the Colonel answered. "He is the brightest and manliest little fellow in the world and we all worship him. No child has ever had more love and care. When my wife and I were not petting him his grandmother and his six aunts were hovering over him. Yet he

was kidnapped."
Padlock Jones filled his pipe again and fell to thinking.
"Been gone four days," he mused aloud.
"Man knew where he got him and yet

Padlock Jones paused for a moment, and then, slapping his knee, cried:
"It must be! Nobody else could have cone it!"
"What!" exclaimed the father. "Do you

know who?"—
"Just wait till I go to the telephone,"
Padlock interrupted.
Within five minutes he returned. "Well,
Colonel," he said cheerfully. "My deduction is right so far. Within an hour I hope
to be able to tell you where your child is.
You may sit here or call in after"—
"No!" I'll stay right here," the Colonel
rejoined, trembling with impatience. "Tell
me what have you discovered?"

me what have you discovered?

napping case.

Just three-quarters of an hour later the bell rang and Padlock Jones entered the inner room again. When he returned he took the Colonel's hand and said calmly. "Let me congratulate you. Your boy has been found. If you will go up to The Bronx Insane Asylum in about two hours you will find him there."

Col. Walkley sprang to his feet and made a rush for the door. At 7 o'clock that evening he was back at Padlock Jones's the hand and exclaimed: office to give thanks for the return of his

son.
"I can never repay you!" he cried.
"He was found near Spuyten Duyvii,
wandering about with an escaped lunatic.
But tell me, Mr. Jones, how did you ever

"Guess?" interrupted Padlock Jones.
"There was no guessing about it. It was deduction. When you told me that the boy was

petted by father, mother, grandmother and six aunts, I was drawn irresistibly to the conclusion that the man who would carry off such a spoiled child and not return

him in a hurry—say fifteen minutes at the outside—must be a lunatic.
"Therefore I telephoned to insane asylums about New York to find out whether any lunatic had escaped lately. The Bronx Asylum replied that a man had got away from the keepers last Tuesday that they had just located him and would have him in an hour. The second time I went to the telephone, I was informed that the lunatic had been captured and that a four-year-old boy was with him. You know the rest. Easy, wasn't it?"

Seein's Bellevin'



Snodkins-I told her I'd gladly lay down ny life for her. Rodkins -- And wouldn't she believe it?

could. Told me to prove my words and

ome for my answer then

IN THE SUBMARINE DENTAL PARLOR.



impatient Patient - Wow! Do you call that painless dentistry, you lobster, you

THE BABY MADE THEM SLEEP. When He Was Away the Family Had Nothing

With Which to Sing Itself to Sleep. "Yes, the folks are all pretty well, thanks," said the tired-looking family man in answer to his friend's inquiry. "That is to say, they're as well as could be expected. You see they've lost a good deal of sleep lately on account of the baby.

"What! Lord bless you, no! 'Tisn't the baby's crying that keeps 'em awake. Why, the baby's up in the country with its mother. "Had to send 'em away. Baby needed he rest. That's why the rest of the family can't get to sleep

"You don't understand? Well, I'll tell

"It all started because my wife's mother insisted on rocking the baby to sleep every night. She's awfully fond of children, anyhow, and particularly this one, because, although he can't talk a word yet, he once made public a series of noises that to her ear sounded like 'grandmother.' To me it sounded more like 'dambother,' but, what-ever it was, it made an awful hit with the

old lady.
"Well, every night after that she'd take the baby, plunk herself down on a rocking chair, and start off on some such game as,

"Sle-ee-eeep, my little one. "Now, my wife's mother's temperament fairly oozes music, but the baby takes more after me and wouldn't know an adagioin Asia Minor from a dinner whistle in Har-

"So, of course, any lullaby the old lady'd

lem.

"So, of course, any lullaby the old lady'd hand out would appeal to her a good deal more than it did to the baby. While she'd keep getting sleepier and sleepier the baby'd become frettier and frettier.

"Consequence was that at the end of an hour or so she'd be fast in the arms of Morpheus, while baby'd be making bigger holes in the silence than ever before.

"When matters would reach that stage, my wife's sister Mary usually tip-toed over and took the baby. Now, if any one could quiet him you'd think Mary could.

"She belongs to three or four mothers' clubs and knows a heap more about children than the baby's own mother does. My wife, being married, you know, hasn't got the time for all that sort of thing.

"But Mary's 'Over-the-Western-se-eeeea' song didn't seem to make much more of a hit with the boy than the little vocal gem which his grandmother rendered. Finally when Mary had succumbed to her own soothing influence, Jennie would ask permission to take a hand.

"Now, you'll think I'm knocking my wife's

"Now, you'll think I'm knocking my wife's relations, but I'm not at all. Jennie's an awfully nice woman. The only thing is

awilly nice woman. The only thing is her voice.

"When she was young she had one of those very high sopranos, and it's become more and more so and lost weight as she's grown older. Honest, after hearing her sing, you wonder what made the canary bird talk so gruff.

"But, anyhow, after all the others had taken a whack at soothing my unresponsive son, Jennie would always butt in with her little song registed. As I've intimated, her little song recital. As I've intimated, her voice isn't exactly suited to lullaby music, and it would usually take at least five numbers before the sandman could be per-suaded to back up at her eyelids and dump

"By the time she got to sleep it used to be 11 o'clock, and it always took at least fifteen minutes after that to convince the baby that the house had really quieted down for

the night.

"I had a letter from my wife the other day saying that the baby was making up for lost time and pounding the pillow to beat the band. Of course, I was glad to hear it, but it certainly does seem tough that the rest of the family should be left without any one to sing themselves to sleep on, doesn't it?"

Wasn't an Easy Mark



Miss Inglinks-I tried to explain the game to Cholly Simpleton this morning, but you can't drive anything into that man's head Loft R. Putnam-There he is now.

In This Case Twas Better to Be Late.



Charlie Wunpare was late to Miss Gobble on's dinner last night, owing to a pressing engagement at home.

Who Could Blame It?



My sword of highly tempered steel Once caused me lots of trouble. It lost its temper in a fight And bent up almost double

from the Adventures of Lockjaw Bones The footprints clearly showed that the criminal was a one-legged man with a vooden stump. Beyond that the local chief of police could deduce nothing. A tall, thin man, clad in a velvet smoking acket, stepped forward and glanced at the

impression left by the wooden stump.

'Twas Lockjaw Bones.

"The grain shows it's oak," he said calmly.
He whipped out a microscope and examined the print more closely.

"Not only oak," he added, "it's Charter Oak, Go get your man."

Oak. Go, get your man."

"But supposin' his leg is Charter Oak,"
protested the local chief, densely, "what's
all that got to do with it?"

"What's Charter Oak got to do with it?"

Lockjaw Bones made a gesture of despair. "Did you never hear of Charter Oak Lunch Rooms? Charter Oak Laundries? Charter Oak Dairies? Charter Oak ---? Don't you see your man must be from Hartford? Come along, Swatson. We're wasting time here."

Paradoxical. "Funny thing," said the village philoso

pher "but it's always hardest to get things into the heads that, accordin' to what's in 'em ought to have the most room."

A ROMANCE OF THE STAGE. The Strange Adventures of Cynthia Starlight, Prima Donna

THE CROSSROADS. "Alone in the great city! So this is New York at last!" street. her hands as she gazed ecstatically at the vivid panorama of life on upper Broad

stage which is my dearest dream? Unconsciously she spoke the words aloud.

tache, who had eyed the girl curiously, addressed her.

"So you want to be an actress, eh?" he asked, furtively glancing around to see that he was not observed. "Come with me and I will put you on the stage."

Cynthia Starlight turned in amazement, her large innocent eyes beaming with gratitude.

"Oh thank you so much." she began

"Oh, thank you so much," she began.
The stranger interrupted her rudely.
"Don't thank me," he said, with a strange tremor in his voice. "Come."

"You are too stupid to work even in the horus. You are dis-charged, Miss Star-The brutal stage manager smirked ma

Cynthia's eves filled with tears, but etermined to make one last appeal. "If you will only give me another chance

she began. But the stage manager raised his hand for silence.

"You still refuse to take supper with me to-night?" he said, meaningly. Cynthia's eyes flashed fire indignantly as e drew herself up to her full height.

"That settles it, then. You're discharged," was the brutal answer.

At this moment Ovnthia turned and be held her new-found friend, the short, thickset man who had guided her inexperienced footsteps to the stage door.

"What's all this rumpus about, Simkins?"

disappeared.
"What can it all mean?" she murmured, as they led her to the star dressing-room.

THE CHAPLET OF FLOWERS

"Oh, I am so frightened. Will the ordeal never end?" It was the first night of the new opera

Cynthia Starlight, the unknown prima donna, had carried all before her in a popular tidal wave of enthusiasm. Never be

CHAPTER I.

Cynthia Starlight, clad in a simple white frock, paused for a peaceful reverie at the quiet corner of Broadway and Forty-second The green carpetbag which contained her modest wardrobe slipped from

"And so this is the Righto of my dreams," she murmured. "Here tread the theatrical stars who have tempted me by their brilliant careers to leave the dear old farm. Will I ever achieve the success upon the

A short, thick-set man with a dark mus-tache, who had eyed the girl curiously,

CHAPTER II.

THE HONOR OF THE HUMBLE.

cously as he uttered the cruel edict.

"I do," she retorted, proudly.

he said sharply to the stage manager.
"Don't you know this is our new leading lady? She sings the prima donna rôle in the new opera. Be sure that you treat her with respect hereafter."

Simkins abjectly scraped the floor to beg Cynthia's pardon. When she turned to thank her new-found benefactor he had

CHAPTER III.



FANOY AND FACT.

"Yes, indeed, Miss Rooter. I'm one of e regulars up at the ball grounds. Financially interested in fact."

Same day, 4 P. M

fore had an unknown prima donna achieved such a triumph. In the lobby the critics were talking

about the new discovery. Columns of lavish praise were being composed during the intermission. Every one was asking her name and her record. Nothing like it had ever been known in New York since the régime of Mapleson.

Flowers in profusion had been handed over the footlights. Alone, except for her maid, Cynthia Starlight breathed deeply in the floral bower of her dressing room, almost intoxicated by the fragrant odor, the glittering lights, the roar of the multi-

tude.
"And a month ago I was on the farm! she reflected.

A uniformed usher with a note interrupted

meditations "Please take supper with me after the performance" it read, and it was signed "Samuel Soldout."
"Who is Mr. Soldout, Francine?" she asked her maid.

"Lordy, ma'am, don't you know he's the manager of this here bloomin' show?" cried the maid, in surprise.
"The manager!" repeated Cynthia Star-Then who

But the question was not finished. The last act had begun, and Cynthia was summoned to the stage. CHAPTER IV.

THE MISTERIOUS UNKNOWN. In the gilded lobster refectory Cynthia nervously awaited the coming of Samuel Soldout, the manager who had engaged her so mysteriously and whom she had

never seen. "And to think that I must sup with him, while the other one " And then she tried to banish all such thoughts from her head.

"I must never think of him again," she

said. "He has been very good to me, but-Mr. Soldout is the maanger. Suddenly before her she saw the face and figure of her unknown friend, who had so strangely aided her without revealing his identity.

Blushing and confused, she rose hurriedly and tried to avoid him.

But he bade her be seated.

"Listen, Cynthia," he said, with the air of a master, "I am Samuel Soldout, the manager. The moment I saw you I knew you would become a great prima donna. I engaged you on the spot. I have made success upon the stage easy to you, and to-night you have proven that my judgment was correct. You will naturally ask, why did I do this? I answer, because I love you. Marry me and I will star you next

with a hysterical, half-suppressed cry of joy, Cynthia permitted Mr. Soldout to slip a great diamond ring upon the third finger of her left hand, and then their mutual pleasure found expression in one great, soulful look of understanding, while the water around the first margum waiter opened the first magnum champagne.

THE END.

THE END.

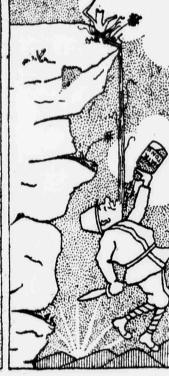
AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Although some eminent writers of novels dealing with stage novices believe, with other members of the Authors' Union, in prolonging through thirty-seven chapters the trials and tribulations of young girls who go upon the stage, the writer of this article, being a non-union laborer, has no hesitation in depicting truth without the conventional variations. According to every known rule, Cynthia Starlight should have spent years in the chorus, she should have been persecuted by managers and insulted by stage managers, she should have been rescued from threatened suicide, she should have lived in a theatrical boarding house with shoddy creatures and she should have fallen in love with the leading man, already twice married. But Cynthia Starlight took the easier road and married the manager. It may be unprofessional to record in less than a column a plot which could easily be expanded into forty-three chapters, but then, as stated above, the author hereof does not belong to and cannot be expected to observe the rules and regulations of the Authors' Union.

PROF. U PYDEE FINDS EXCELSIOR HAIR TONIC OF INESTIMABLE BENEFIT TO THE ALPINE CLIMBER.











PERCY VISITS CONEY ISLAND.

A DAY OF EXPERIENCES FOR A DEVOTED YOUNG COUPLE.

Difficulties of the Trip, of Getting Some-

thing to Eat, of Having Their Pictures

Taken in a Tent During a Storm

Final Catastrophes for Mand. Percy had been requested so often by Maud to take her to the wonderful realms of Coney Island that he finally concluded that in order to keep on good terms with his best girl he would make the trip on Sunday. After paying his room rent and laundry bill, in addition to buying a meal ticket, he had a bankroll which consisted of four paper dollars. It was a small for-

for Maud bright and early in the morning he had mapped out a glorious time. They made their way hastily to the Bridge entrance. A dense crowd stood near the trolley loops, where every moment there was a free fight in which the women and children got the worst of it. Percy looked the situation over and then said to

tune in his estimation, and when he called

As soon as a Smith street car comes along. I'll push you aboard of it and get

Here comes one now!" With the appearance of the car there was a volcanic eruption, it seemed. Men grabbed other men and wrestled all over the pavement. Women lost their hats, children screamed and trolley employees

Percy took Maud around the waist and tried to drag her to the car. A gigantic German hurlod Percy and Maud aside with one sweep of the hand, and then threwfour little Germans armed with sand shovels and tin pails into the car with a swoop that took their breath away.

"How dare you push me!" exclaimed Percy, in a rage. "Look vot iss talkin"!" roared the German. "To der voods!" "We'll have to wait for the next car,

dearie," said Percy to Maud, who was trying to keep her hat on straight. "Say, young feller," a youth with a flatder gal by der elevated upstairs, see!

guess I will," replied Percy, who led the way upstairs.

Maud followed, her face pale and her hat over her nose. The elevated platform was packed. A train came in and the mob swaved back and forth. Men jumped through the windows dragging children after them. Women were compelled to wait until the cars were crowded. Then they squeezed onto the platform. "Let's stand on the edge of the platform, Maud, then we can get in the next train,'

When it came to a stop, Percy was utes. swept away from the platform's edge, while Maud was hurled through the gates by half a dozen men, one of whom said with gruff politeness:

said Percy as the crowded cars rolled off.

The heat was terrific. Another Coney

Island train did not arrive for twenty min-

"Give the little lady a chance." "Percy, where are you?" shricked the "Here I am," cried her escort, who was struggling with the crowd.

"Who's yer pushin'?" snarled a big fellow who thrust his face into Percy's and glared at him. "Who's yer pushin'? Hey?" "I'm not pushing anybody. I'm trying to get into the car where Maud is. That's all," was Percy's reply, as he turned white. "Well, all right, cully," was the ruffian's retort. "Let it go at dat. But if I tort youse wuz pushin' me a purpose I'd bust yer lamps and send yez to der hospital wid

more broken bones dan yer'd have if yez

fell out'n a car on der tracks. See! Where is der gal, anyway?" "In that car there!" Percy wailed. "In

there!" "Well, in yez goes! Now, all togedder!" The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the man took Percy by the shoulders, jammed him through the fighting throng, knocked down two women and a man and landed him in the middle of the car before he could catch his breath.

Percy gasped, as Maud clutched his hands. "All right, me boy. Where is yez goin'? To der island?" "Yes sir. "Well, I'll see yez down dere, I guess, and I'll take yez around to me fren's Billy

"I'm ever so much obliged to you, sir!"

de Goat. He's got a sweller of a hotel. "We should like to go," murmured Percy, topped derby growled, "why doncher take looking frightened.
der gal by day alanated unstains and "He's terrible!" whispered Maud, as she tried to move away.

The train was under way and there wasn't

while several sentimental youths were singing that pathetic ballad. "We Won't Go Home Till Morning."

Percy and Maud stood up all the way.
Their acquaintance stood next to them, talking all the time.
"Here's Coney!" he finally yelled. "Now for Billy de Goat! I'm gettin' hungry as a bull. Come on."

Percy and Maud looked at each other. They did not know what to say. Finally and Maud looked at each other the girl remarked, timidly:
"I think, sir, we will go in bathing first,
if you don't mind."
"Wot's de matter wid yez? Ain't yez
goin' wid me? Hey?"

"Wot's de matter wid yez? Ain't yez goin' wid me? Hey?"
"We'll meet you at '12. o'clock," said Percy, shaking like a leaf.
"All right, young feller! Dat goes, and I'll be right here on dis corner, waitin'."
Percy and Maud hurried away. But their progress was slow. The Island was swarming with people. They went down to the beach. There was scarce room to sit down.
"Let's go back to the street," said Maud.

"Let's go back to the street," said Maud.
"I'm getting hungry, Percy."
Percy fumbled in his pecket and found the four dollars. He looked around for 'Dinner, 25 cents," was a sign that made him go to the place in a bee line It was a tumbledown affair, with half a dozen tables and rickety chairs. Behind the counter sat a fat woman who was resplendent in

wig and imitation jewelry.
"Do you wish dinner?" she asked with Percy nodded with dignity and sat down. He asked for a bill of fare and the fat woman seemed surprised. Maggie!" she yelled. Maggie! Two din-

Percy and Maud waited for half an hour. Then Maggie appeared with two plates of chowder. The young couple tasted the dinner and laid their spoons down. 't it good?" asked the fat woman. raising her eyebrows. "Is there anything more?" said Percy,
"Wot der yer want for a quarter, any-

way?

This query came from a low-browed man who stepped out from behind a screen and glowered at Percy.

"Let's go!" whispered Maud, and her timid escort laid one of his dollars on the counter. The fat woman handed back the change reluctantly and the young couple "Oh, I'm so hungry, Percy!" Mand ex-claimed as they passed the frankfurter

"Give us two, please!" sail Percy, with assurance.
"I don't like those things, Percy, dear!"
Maud pleaded. "They are too greasy,
and the man is so dirty. Let's get a sandwich somewhere." "We don't care for them after all." Percy The train was under way and there wasn't standing room. Men were amoking cigars and pipes. Women were nursing infants, warm and ill-tempered, was fighting beta

ways to make headway. The young couple entered a concert hall and took seats near the door. A waiter with his hair greased and his mustache waxed came up, wiping off the table with an old towel. "Wot'll ver have, fren's?" he said, waving

"Two sandwiches and two glasses inger ale!" Percy replied.
"Holy smoke! Where'd yer come from?'
"From New York!" "An' yer want two sandwiches wid two Yes, if you please!"

"Well, dat beats de deck! I'll get 'em!"

In a few minutes the waiter returned with two glasses of ginger ale and two plates on which reposed two pieces of brown bread with a slice of cheese of the vintage of 1774. "Here's what yer wanted, young feller!"
the waiter ejaculated with a grin. "The
sandwiches is right off the griddle!"
Percy and Maud nibbled at the bread
and the cheese and looked at one another

in dismay.
"Sattle!" said the waiter, still waving the wel. "It's a half a dollar!"
"A half a dollar?" asked Percy, feeling for his money.
"Why cert! Twenty cents apiece fer der soft stuff and a nickel apiece fer der dead

ones!"

Percy gave him a dollar. The waiter turned his back and fumbled with his change. Then he held out a handful of nickels and counted off ten of them from his right hand to his left.
"Dat's fifty!" he said as he dropped the lot into Percy's hand. The latter counted them and found only six nickels.
"There's only 30 cents here, sir!" he

ured. But the waiter apparently did not I say, waiter, there's only 30 cents here! "Say!" roared the waiter, "der best place for you is der daffy house. Dere's ten nickels in yer hand, but yer can only see six. Wait a minute and I'll call der cops. Dey'll look into yer head and find nuttin'

but salad dressin'! "Let's go!" whispered Maud and Percy took the hint without hesitation. "Hello, me boy," said a short man with a red face. "Come in here and get yer pictures took, fer a dime in a minute!" "Let's go in," Mand exclaimed. "We'll be taken together on a bench with green leaves and flowers around us." "Wa'l)

So they went into a hot, stuffy tent, where

a dozen unfortunates were waiting in line

The heat was intense and Percy's collar soon wilted. Maud's curls were also straight and there was a tendency to leave

on the part of many when the barker rushed in and shouted: "Keep yer seats, gents and ladies!
There's a big storm coming up."
Black clouds, that had been gathering in the west, now came sweeping over the blue sky and in a jiffy, there was a miniature

blew the tent over. But all through it the tintype man went on with his work "Look pleasant "he exclaimed repeate "he exclaimed repeatedly as the waterlogged people sat down in front of the camera, the most forlorn-looking persons in the world. Finally he took Percy and Maud. The result was hideous.

with unmistakable warmth. "Throw then away. Oh, I'm so bungry." 'Let's go and shoot the chutes," suggested Percy.
"All right, dear." And off they went. They went to the top of the chutes, got into a boat and were soon rushing down to the water. Maud gave one long cry to the water. of terror as the boat struck the water threw her arms around Percy's neck. was as white as a sheet and could not speak

Maud fairly cried, and Percy, as he fished up his dime, lost his temper completely. "We look like two fools," Maud said,

was as white as a sheet and could not speak as she was helped out upon the float.

"I want to get out of here at once," she finally said. "The idea of you asking me to do such a thing!"

"Well, Maudie, I didn't know. Let's go over here and loop the loop."

"All right, Percy. Is it nice?" go over here and loop the loop.

"All right, Percy. Is it nice?"

"I ve heard so," was the reply.

And they hurried across Surf avenue.

They got into the car after some hesitation and soon were rushing down to the loop. Both hung on for dear life as the car turned them upside down and went on its way. Maud was fainting when the car stopped and Percy was rattled. "A man who will take a girl into that

whipped Percy's knees knocked together as he led Maud out of the place and entered the human whirlpool in the street again "I want to go home to mother, just as quick as you can get me there!" she ex-claimed, as Percy asked her if she wouldn't like to ride on the merry-go-round. as quick as you can get me there, never come to this dreadful place again Percy soon had her in a train, and they

thing," said an old gentleman with gold-rimmed spectacles, "ought to be horse-

went back to the metropolis with fair celerity. That night after Percy had left Maud at her home, he looked at a lone paper dollar with rueful countenance and said Coney Island be hanged! Never again!" And Maud tossed in her sleep all nigh

Progress and Insanity

From the Lancet. With the progress of civilization, not only With the progress of civilization, not only is insanity on the increase, but the occurring varieties are less curable, the physique of the town dwelling section of the population has deteriorated both in height and weight, and the statistics of recovery are less favorable to day than they were twenty-five years ago. Serious as this may appear, while such a state exists one can neither nope for nor expect relief from the great financial and economic burden of providing accommodation for the insane of the future. If relief is to come, it will be in some agreat change affecting the physical contents and contents the physical contents.

BILL CONOVER'S GLASS EYE. Only Thing Broken in a Long Fall-Base Use of the Fund to Replace It.

BINGHAMTON, Aug. 22.- A curious accident last week in the chair factory of the Stickley-Brandt Company of this city has had an even more curious sequel. situation which even the diplomacy of ex-Aldermen Brandt, the president of the com-pany, has not been able to grasp success-fully has arisen and threatens to upset has arisen and threatens the ordinary course of events in the factory The company has never had a strike on its hands yet, but it is likely to, if old Bill Conover doesn't get a new glass eye or return the \$60 which his sympathizing associates raised to buy one.

The facts in the case are as follows. Last

week old Bill Conover had put the finishing touches on a mahogany chair and was back ing toward the elevator shaft on the fourth floor with the chair in his arms, when he carelessly stepped into the shaft.

He fell three floors, to the bottom of the shaft, which is floored with concrete, and the entire working force of the factory gathered on the first floor to get the piece

together for the benefit of Mrs. Bill Conover and the Conover kids. Much to their surprise, they found old Bill intact. As a maxter of fact when they got him out and felt him all over he hadn't broken a bone, or suffered the slightest injury beyond a bad shaking up, from the effects of which two draughts from the private flack of ex-Alderman Brandt speed ly restored him.

tion of white and blue glass, was cracked right across the pupil. When the news of the calamity was broken to old Bill his grief was pitiful to behold. Man and boy I have had that there eye for forty years," he said, "an' ter think of losing it now! I kin never look no one of losing it now! I kin never look no one in the face again with that ther crack on my mind. Dog dang it, I wish the fall had killed me, fer I'll never get another eye like that!"

Just as the men were congratulating old

Bill on his marvellous escape, it was noticed that his left eye, which is a beautiful crea-

In the interests of truth it must be stated that when, a few days later, the other em-ployees of the factory handed old Bill \$60 and told him to go and get a new glass eye, they were moved less by pity for Bill than by a desire to remove that cracked eye from their sight forever. No man in the place could work with that cracked

It made the men creepy and uncom fortable every time Bill turned the severed pupil on them and by winking steadily caused the two halves to work up and down in opposite directions. When they couldn't stand it any longer they took up a collection, and when they handed old Bill the money they inquired anxiously how long it would take to get a new eye. They histed, too, that there ought to be enough money there for Bill to take a little time off until he gos

Old Bill took two days off, but when he

returned to work he still wore the old eve.

It had been neatly patched, and the halves didn't work up and down, but the crack was still there. Immediately a committee waited on Bill to ask him why he hadn't t his new eye.
"Well," said the old man, "when I looked at that there \$60 it seemed like a lot of money to spend on an eye, when maybe the old one could be patched up, so I took the money and bought a bicycle and a gold watch."

The wrath of the men over old Bill's conduct is hard to describe, but old Bill is un-moved. He rides to work each day on the new bicycle and a dozen times a day con-

sults his new gold watch.

The men have made a demand on ex-Alderman Brandt that the old man either get a new eye or return their money, and Mr. Brandt is trying to figure some way out of the difficulty that will be satisfactory all around. In the end, it is believed the firm will have to buy old Bill a new eye, for he is too good a workman to be lost, and trouble with the rest of the men cannot be risked at this busy season

of the year. OFF ON A LONG JOURNEY. Dog in a Crate Travelling From the Atlan-

tie to the Pacific. "Passing along a city street the other day," said a town traveller, "I saw, tied on at the end of a loaded express wagon that was standing in front of an express office, a crate containing a dog, a dog that was being shipped somewhere by express. Curiosity prompted me to look at the shipping tag on the crate. The dog was going to a city on the Pacific Coast; a long journey, but I didn't doubt it would get there safely. "The crate was big enough for its com-fort, and it seemed to me that the dog was one likely to stand the journey well, to make friends with all the expressmen

and messengers it met on the way and teget the best possible treatment.

"I'm no judge of dogs, and I may be away off on this one, but this didn't seem to me to be a valuable dog. It was short haired, brindle in color, of medium size and rather lanky build and with a rather stubby head. But it had an intelligent stubby head. But it had an intelligent and friendly face, which was just now rather wistful.

"As I put my hand across the top of the crate to turn the tag so that I could read the address, the dog reached its head over toward me inside, glad to meet with somebody, even if the somebody was a stranger.
"It was, in fact, a gentle, kindly dog, and whether a valuable dog or not. I'll bet whether a valuable dog or not. I'll bet it is one beloved by whomever it is going to meet over on the other coast, and I'll bet that it makes friends with and about of breatment from every man with handling of is on the way acceptable.